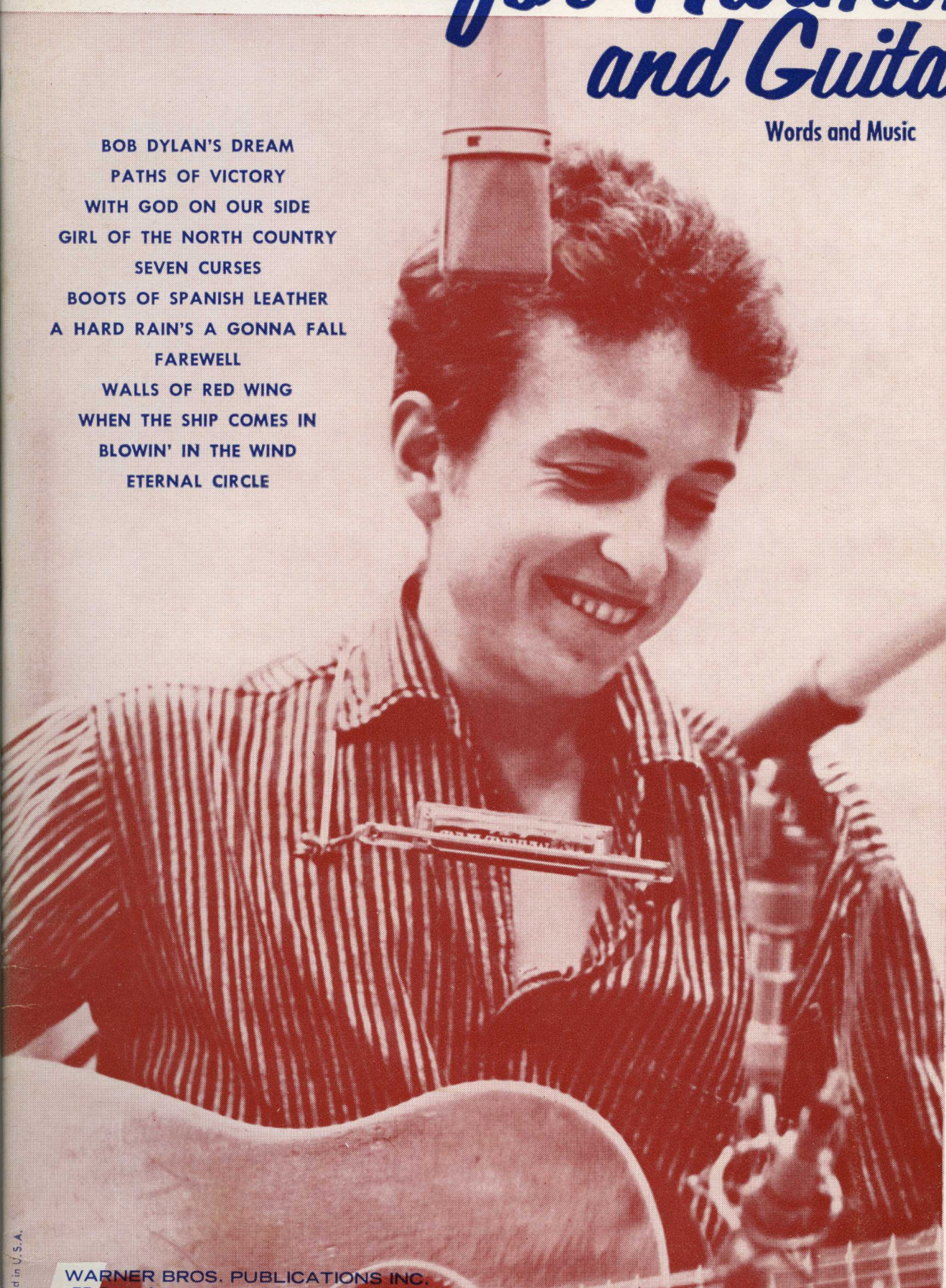


# BOB DYLAN'S SONGS

## *for Harmonica and Guitar*

Words and Music

BOB DYLAN'S DREAM  
PATHS OF VICTORY  
WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE  
GIRL OF THE NORTH COUNTRY  
SEVEN CURSES  
BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER  
A HARD RAIN'S A GONNA FALL  
FAREWELL  
WALLS OF RED WING  
WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN  
BLOWIN' IN THE WIND  
ETERNAL CIRCLE





# BOB DYLAN'S SONGS

## *for Harmonica and Guitar*

ARRANGED BY JERRY SEARS

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# BOB DYLAN'S DREAM

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Moderately

1. While riding on a train goin' west \_\_\_\_\_ I

fell a-sleep for to take my rest, \_\_\_\_\_ I dreamed a dream that

made me sad \_\_\_\_\_ Con - cern - ing my - self \_\_\_\_\_ And the

first few friends I had. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. With that. \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: C, Dm, F, G7, Cmaj7, C7, F, C, Am, Dm, Ab, Ab7, Fm, Ab7, C, F, C, G°, G7, C, F, C

Fingerings: 6, 7, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 9, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8, 9, 9, 9, 9, 8, 9, 9, 9, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 6, 7



2. With half damp eyes I stared to the room  
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,  
Where we together weathered many a storm,  
Laughin' and singin' till the 'early hours of  
the morn.

3. By the old wooden stove where our hats was hung,  
Our words were told our songs were sung;  
Where we longed for nothin' and were quite satisfied  
Talkin' and a-jokin' about the wicked world outside.

4. With haunted hearts through the heat and cold,  
We never thought we could ever get old;  
We thought we could sit forever in fun  
But our chances really was a million to one.

5. As easy it was to tell black from white,  
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right;  
And our choices were few and the thought never hit  
That the one road we traveled would ever  
shatter and split.

6. How many a year has passed and gone,  
And many a gamble has been lost and won;  
And many a road taken by many a friend,  
And each one I've never seen again.

7. I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,  
That we could sit simply in that room again;  
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat,  
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.



# PATHS OF VICTORY

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Moderato

## REFRAIN

1. Trails of troubles, Roads of bat - tles,

PATHS OF VIC - TO - RY I shall — walk. Last time Fine

## VERSE

1. The trail is dust - y And my road it might be rough But the

bet - ter roads are wait - ing, And boys it ain't far off. Repeat 6 times



Refrain 2. Trails of troubles,  
Roads of battles,  
Paths of victory,  
We shall walk.

Refrain 4. Trails of troubles,  
Roads of battles,  
Paths of victory,  
We shall walk.

Verse 2. I walked down by the river,  
I turned my head up high,  
I saw that silver linin'  
That was hangin' in the sky.

Verse 4. The gravel road is bumpy,  
It's a hard road to ride,  
But there's a clearer road a-waitin'  
With the cinders on the side.

Refrain 3. Trails of troubles,  
Roads of battles,  
Paths of victory,  
We shall walk.

Refrain 5. Trails of troubles,  
Roads of battles,  
Paths of victory,  
We shall walk.

Verse 3. The evenin' dusk was rollin',  
I was walking down the track,  
There was a one-way wind a-blowin'  
And it was blowin' at my back.

Verse 5. That evening train was rollin',  
The hummin' of it's wheels,  
My eyes they saw a better day  
As I looked across the fields.

Refrain 6. Trails of troubles,  
Roads of battles,  
Paths of victory,  
We shall walk.

Verse 6. The trail is dusty,  
The road it might be rough,  
But the good road is a-waitin'  
And boys it ain't far off.

Refrain 7. Trails of troubles,  
Roads of battles,  
Paths of victory,  
We shall walk.



# WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Moderato

1. Oh, my name it is noth - in', \_\_\_\_\_ My age it means

less, \_\_\_\_\_ The coun - try I come from \_\_\_\_\_ Is

called the Mid - west. \_\_\_\_\_ I's taught and brought up

there, \_\_\_\_\_ The laws to a - bide, \_\_\_\_\_ And that land that I

live in \_\_\_\_\_ Has God on its side. \_\_\_\_\_

*D.S. 8 times*



2. Oh, the history books tell it,  
They tell it so well,  
The cavalries charged,  
The Indians fell.  
The cavalries charged,  
The Indians died,  
Oh the country was young  
With God on its side.
3. Oh, the Spanish American  
War had its day,  
And the Civil War too  
Was soon laid away,  
And the names of the heroes  
I's made to memorize,  
With guns in their hands  
And God on their side.
4. Oh, the first world war boys,  
It came and it went,  
The reason for fighting  
I never did get.  
But I learned to accept it,  
Accept it with pride,  
For you don't count the dead  
When God's on your side.
5. When the second world war  
Came to an end,  
We forgave the Germans  
And we were friends,  
Though they murdered six million  
In the ovens they fried,  
The Germans now too  
Have God on their side.
6. I've learned to hate Russians  
All through my whole life,  
If another war starts  
It's them we must fight.  
To hate them and fear them,  
To run and to hide,  
And accept it all bravely  
With God on my side.
7. But now we got weapons  
Of the chemical dust,  
If fire them we're forced to  
Then fire them we must.  
One push of the button  
And a shot the world wide,  
And you never ask questions  
When God's on your side.
8. In a many dark hour  
I've been thinkin' all this,  
That Jesus Christ  
Was betrayed by a kiss.  
But I can't think for you  
You'll have to decide,  
Whether Judas Iscariot  
Had God on his side.
9. So now as I'm leavin'  
I'm weary as Hell,  
The confusion I'm feelin'  
Ain't no time can tell.  
The words fill my head  
And fall to the floor,  
If God's on our side  
He'll stop the next war.



# GIRL OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Moderato, gently

1. Well if you're trav-'lin' in the north coun-try fair,  
Where the winds hit heav-y on the bor-der-line, Re-mem-ber me to  
one who lives there, She once was a true love of mine.

D.S. 4 times

2. Well if you go in the snowflake storm  
When the rivers freeze and summer ends,  
Please see she has a coat so warm  
To keep her from the howlin' winds.
3. Please see for me if her hair hangs long,  
If it rolls and flows all down her breast,  
Please see for me her hair hangs long,  
That's the way I remember her best.
4. I'm a wonderin' if she remembers me at all,  
Many times I've often prayed  
In the darkness of my night,  
In the brightness of my day.
5. So if you're travelin' in the north country fair,  
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline,  
Remember me to one who lives there,  
She once was a true love of mine.



# SEVEN CURSES

Slowly and sadly

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Old Reilly stole a stallion But they  
caught him and they brought him back And they laid him down on the  
jail house ground With an iron chain around his neck. *Repeat 8 times*

\* Draw hard to flat this note.

2. Old Reilly's daughter got a message  
That her father was goin' to hang  
She rode by night and came by morning  
With gold and silver in her hand.
3. When the judge he saw Reilly's daughter  
His old eyes deepened in his head  
Sayin' gold will never free your father  
The price, my dear, is you instead.
4. Oh, I'm as good as dead cried Reilly,  
It's only you that he does crave  
And my skin will surely crawl if he  
touches you at all,  
Get on your horse and ride away.
5. Oh father you will surely die  
If I don't take the chance to try  
And pay the price and not take your advice  
For that reason I will have to stay.
6. The gallows shadows shook the evening,  
In the night a hound dog bayed,  
In the night the grounds were groanin',  
In the night the price was paid.
7. The next mornin' she had awoken  
To know that the judge had never spoken,  
She saw that hangin' branch a bendin'  
She saw her father's body broken.
8. These be seven curses on a judge so cruel  
That one doctor will not save him  
That two healers will not heal him  
That three eyes will not see him.
9. That four ears will not hear him  
That five walls will not hide him  
That six diggers will not bury him  
And that seven deaths shall never kill him.



# BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Slowly

1. Oh I'm sail - ing a - way my — own true love, I'm

sail - in' a - way in the morn - ing, — Is there

some-thing I can send you from a - cross the sea, From the

place that I'll be land - ing. —

*Repeat 8 times*



2. No there's nothing you can send me my own true love,  
There's nothin' I wish to be ownin',  
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled,  
From across that lonesome ocean.
3. Oh, but I just thought you might long want something fine  
Made of silver or of golden,  
Either from the mountains of Madrid  
Or from the coast of Barcelona.
4. Oh but if I had the stars from the darkest night  
And the diamonds from the deepest ocean,  
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss  
For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'.
5. That I might be gone a long ole time  
And it's only that I'm askin',  
Is there somethin' I can send you to remember me by  
To make your time more easy passin'.
6. Oh how can, how can you ask me again,  
It only brings me sorrow,  
The same thing I want from you today  
I would want again tomorrow.
7. I got a letter on a lonesome day,  
It was from her ship a-sailin'  
Saying I don't know when I'll be comin' back again,  
It depends on how I'm a-feelin'.
8. Well, if you my love must think that-a-way,  
I'm sure your mind is roamin',  
I'm sure your heart is not with me,  
But with the country to where you're goin'.
9. So take heed, take heed of the western wind,  
Take heed of the stormy weather,  
And yes, there's something you can send back to me,  
Spanish boots of Spanish leather.



# A HARD RAIN'S A GONNA FALL

Moderato

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

walked and I've crawled on — six crook-ed high-ways, 3. I've  
 stepped in the mid-dle of — sev-en sad for-ests, 4. I've  
 been out in front of a doz-en dead o-ceans,



And it's A HARD RAIN'S \_\_\_\_\_ AGON-NA FALL. \_\_\_\_\_

- (A) Oh, what did you see, my blue eyed son?  
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?
- (B) I saw a new born baby with wild wolves all around it,  
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it,  
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin',  
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin',  
I saw a white ladder all covered with water,  
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,
- (C) I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.
- (A) And what did you hear, my blue eyed son?  
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
- (B) I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin',  
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,  
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a blazin',  
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin',  
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin',  
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,
- (C) Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.
- (A) Oh, who did you meet, my blue eyed son?  
Who did you meet, my darling young one?
- (B) I met a young child beside a dead pony,  
I met a white man who walked a black dog,  
I met a woman whose body was burning,  
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,  
I met one man who was wounded in love,
- (C) I met another man who was wounded with hatred,  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
It's a hard rain's a gonna fall.
- (A) Oh, what'll you do now, my blue eyed son?  
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
- (B) I'm a goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a fallin',  
I'll walk to the depth of the deepest black forest,  
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,  
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,  
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,  
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,  
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,  
Where black is the color, where none is the number,  
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,  
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,  
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',
- (C) But I'll know my song well before I start singin',  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
It's a hard rain's a gonna fall.



# FAREWELL

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Moderately

## VERSE

Oh it's fare thee well— my— dar - lin' true, I'm

leav-in' in the first hour of the morn; I'm bound off for the bay of

Mex - i - co Or— may - be the coast of Cal - i - forn;

## REFRAIN

So it's fare thee well my own true love, We'll



7 7 7 7 7 5 5 5 4 6 6 5 5 4 7 7

↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↑ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑

meet an-oth - er day, an- oth - er time, — It ain't the leav - in' That's a-

9 8 7 6 6 6 6 5 5 5 4 4 4

↓ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↑ ↑ ↑

griev - in' me {But my true love} who's bound to stay be - hind. Repeat 4 times

2. Oh the weather is against me and the wind blows hard  
And the rain she's a-turnin' into hail,  
I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west  
Though I'm travelin' on a path beaten trail.

REFRAIN:

3. I will write you a letter from time to time,  
As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me too.  
With my head, my heart, and my hands, my love,  
I will send what I learn back home to you.

REFRAIN:

4. I will tell you of the laughter and of troubles,  
Be them somebody elses or my own;  
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high  
I will travel unnoticed and unknown.

REFRAIN:

5. I've heard tell of a town where I might as well be bound,  
It's down around the old Mexican plains,  
They say that the people are all friendly there  
And all they ask of you is your name.

REFRAIN:



# WALLS OF RED WING

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Moderato, smoothly

1. Oh, the age of the in-mates I re - mem-ber quite free - ly

No young - er than twelve, No old - er 'n sev - en -

teen, \_\_\_\_\_ Thrown in like ban - dits And

cast off like crim - in - als \_\_\_\_\_ In - side the

grounds 'Round the WALLS OF RED WING. \_\_\_\_\_

*D.S. 7 times*



2. From the dirty old mess hall  
 You march to the brick wall,  
 Too weary to talk  
 And too tired to sing,  
 Oh it's all afternoon  
 You remember your home town,  
 Inside the grounds  
 'Round the Walls of Red Wing.

5. It's many a guard  
 That stands around smilin',  
 Holdin' his club  
 Like he was a king,  
 Hopin' to get you  
 Behind a wood pilin',  
 Inside the grounds  
 'Round the Walls of Red Wing.

3. Oh, the gates are cast iron  
 And the walls are barbed wire,  
 Stay far from the fence  
 With the 'lectricity sting  
 And it's keep down your head  
 And stay in your number,  
 On the inside grounds  
 'Round the Walls of Red Wing.

6. The night aimed shadows  
 Through the crossbar windows  
 And the wind punched hard  
 To make the wall siding sing,  
 It's many a night  
 I pretended to be a sleepin',  
 On the inside grounds  
 'Round the Walls of Red Wing.

4. Oh, it's fare thee well  
 To the deep hollow dungeon,  
 Farewell to the boardwalk  
 That takes you to the screen  
 And farewell to the minutes  
 They threaten you with it,  
 Inside the grounds  
 'Round the Walls of Red Wing.

7. As the rain rattled heavy  
 On the bunk house shingles  
 And the sounds in the night  
 They made my ears ring,  
 'Til the keys of the guards  
 Clicked the tune of the morning,  
 On the inside grounds  
 'Round the Walls of Red Wing.

8. Oh, some of us'll end up  
 In St. Cloud Prison  
 And some of us'll  
 Wind up to be lawyers and things,  
 And some of us'll stand up to  
 Meet you on your crossroads,  
 From inside the grounds  
 'Round the Walls of Red Wing.



# WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Medium tempo

Medium tempo

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Medium tempo'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Above the staff, there are guitar chord diagrams for C, C7, F, C7, and F. Below the staff, the lyrics are written with fingerings (4, 5) and breath marks (arrows) indicating phrasing.

Oh the time will come up When the wind will stop And the

Then the sea will split, And the ships will hit, And the



2. Oh the fishes will laugh  
 As they swim out of the path,  
 And the seagulls they'll be a-smiling,  
 And the rocks on the sand  
 Will proudly stand,  
 The hour that the ship comes in.

And the words that are used  
 For to get the ship confused,  
 Will not be understood as they're spoken.  
 Oh the chains of the sea  
 Will have busted in the night,  
 And be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

3. A song will lift  
 As the mainsail shifts,  
 And the boat drifts on to the shore line,  
 And the sun will respect  
 Every face on the deck,  
 The hour that the ship comes in.

Then the sands will roll  
 Out a carpet of gold  
 For your weary toes to be a-touchin',  
 And the ship's wise men  
 Will remind you once again  
 That the whole wide world is watchin'.

4. Oh the foes will rise  
 With the sleep still in their eyes  
 And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'  
 But they'll pinch themselves and squeal  
 And they'll know that its for real  
 The hour that the ship comes in.

Then they'll raise their hands  
 Sayin' we'll meet all your demands  
 But we'll shout from the bow your day's are numbered  
 And like Pharaoh's triumph  
 They'll be drowned in the tide  
 And like Goliath they'll be conquered.



# BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Bright, spirited

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

How man - y roads must a man walk down be -

fore you call him a man? Yes, 'n' How man - y

seas must a white dove sail be - fore she sleeps in the

sand? Yes, 'n' How man - y times must the can-non balls -

fly be - fore they're for - ev - er banned? The



an - swer my friend is BLOW-IN' IN THE WIND, the

an - swer is BLOW-IN' IN THE WIND. WIND. The

an - swer is BLOW-IN' IN THE WIND.

2. How many times must a man look up before he can see the sky?  
 Yes, 'n' How many ears must one man have before he can hear people cry?  
 Yes, 'n' How many deaths will it take till he knows that too many people have died?  
 The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
 The answer is blowin' in the wind.
  
3. How many years can a mountain exist before it's washed to the sea?  
 Yes, 'n' How many years can some people exist before they're allowed to be free?  
 Yes, 'n' How many times can a man turn his head pretending he just doesn't see?  
 The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
 The answer is blowin' in the wind,  
 The answer is blowin' in the wind.



# ETERNAL CIRCLE

Words and Music by  
BOB DYLAN

Medium Waltz tempo

Chord diagrams: C, G7, F, C, C, C+5, F, C, C, E7, F, C, C6, Am6, Fm(addE), Em, C.

6 6 6 6 6 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4  
I sang the song slow - ly, As she stood in the shad - ows, —

8 8 8 8 8 8 7 7 7 6 6 8  
— She stepped to the light As my sil - ver strings spun, — She

8 8 8 8 8 8 7 6 6 6 5 4 4  
called with her eyes, To the tune I's a - play-in', — But the

5 6 7 6 6 5 5 5 5 4 4  
song it was long — And I'd on - ly be - gun. —

Repeat 4 times



2. Oh a bullet of light  
 Her face was reflectin',  
 The fast fading words  
 That rolled from my tongue.  
 With a long distance look  
 Her eyes was on fire,  
 But the song it was long  
 And there was more to be sung.

3. My eyes danced a circle  
 Across her clear out line,  
 With her head tilted sideways  
 She called me again.  
 As the tune drifted out  
 She breathed hard to the echo,  
 But the song it was long  
 And it was far to the end.

4. I glanced at my guitar  
 And played it pretendin'  
 That of all the eyes out there  
 I could see none.  
 As the thoughts pounded hard  
 Like the pierce of an arrow,  
 But the song it was long  
 And it had to get done.

5. As the tune finally folded  
 I laid down the guitar,  
 Then looked for the girl  
 Who'd stayed for so long.  
 But her shadow was missin'  
 For all of my searchin',  
 So I picked up my guitar  
 And began the next song.



# FIRST STEPS IN PLAYING YOUR HARMONICA

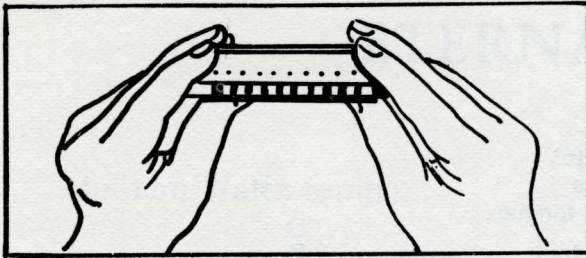


Fig. 1

To begin with, make sure you are holding your harmonica correctly (see Fig. 1). The numbers on top of the holes should be facing you on top of the instrument. Notice that these numbers go from 1 to 10. Most of the songs used in this book will be in the range between 4 and 7. Sometimes holes 8 and 9 are used. Now, raise the instrument to your lips with one hand at each end. The forefingers go on top and the thumbs underneath, leaving all the holes open. With holes number 4,

5, 6 and 7 you can immediately produce a complete scale of eight notes from C to C. Here's how you do it: First, *blow into* hole No. 4. This gives you note C. Now, *draw out* your breath from the same hole for note D. Blow into hole No. 5 (E). Drawing out from No. 5 produces F. Similarly, blow into No. 6 to play G. Draw out for A. *But here's a slight change.*

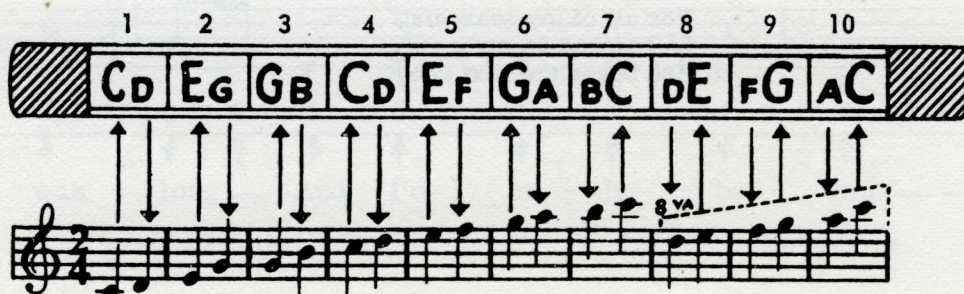
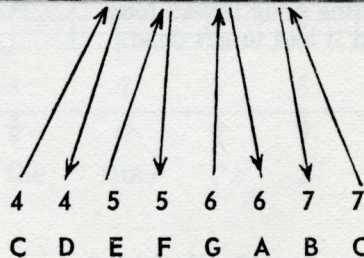
To get B, the next note, you *draw out* from No. 7—and finish your scale with C and octave higher by *blowing into* No. 7.

Throughout this folio ↑ indicates Blow and ↓ indicates Draw.  
Numbers above the line indicate holes.

The next thing you should do is practice this eight-note scale up and down several times to get used to the sequence of the notes. Keep Fig. 2 in front of you, to make sure you are blowing in and drawing out your breath properly, and using the right holes to get the tone you want. The numbers in Fig. 2 indicate holes, and the letters are for the notes you make by blowing in and drawing out from them, following the direction of the arrow. Do not blow hard or use too much breath in either direction. You can produce a pure, sweet musical tone with just the equivalent of normal breathing in and out.



Fig. 2



NOTE: No F or A in lowest register and no B in highest register.









# More fun with your Harmonica!

## LET'S PLAY THE HARMONICA A Modern Method and Collection

*Partial Contents:* Al Di Là • Mountain Greenery • The Blue Room • The Very Thought Of You • By The Light Of The Silvery Moon • Tip Toe Thru' The Tulips • Chinatown, My Chinatown • Hush-A-Bye • When My Dreamboat Comes Home • Bambalina • and others

## LET'S PLAY THE CHROMATIC HARMONICA A Modern Method and Collection

*Partial Contents:* Ain't We Got Fun • April Showers • Charleston • Limehouse Blues • It Had To Be You • I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles • Listen People • I'm Just Wild About Harry • I Like Mountain Music • Smiles • Fine And Dandy • and others

## BOB DYLAN'S SONGS FOR HARMONICA and Guitar

*Contents:* Bob Dylan's Dream • Paths Of Victory • With God On Our Side • Girl Of The North Country • Farewell • Seven Curses • Boots Of Spanish Leather • A Hard Rain's A Gonna Fall • Walls Of Red Wing • When The Ship Comes In • Blowin' In The Wind • Eternal Circle •

## 12 BOB DYLAN HITS FOR HARMONICA and Guitar

*Contents:* Mr. Tambourine Man • Subterranean Homesick Blues • Don't Think Twice, It's All Right • All I Really Want To Do • The Times They Are A-Changin' • It Ain't Me Babe • Masters Of War • Love Minus Zero/No Limit • Chimes Of Freedom • Tomorrow Is A Long Time • Gates Eden • She Belongs To Me •

## FOLK SONGS OF TODAY FOR HARMONICA and Guitar

*Contents:* Four Strong Winds • You Were On My Mind • For Lovin' Me • Early Mornin' Rain • If You Gotta Go, Go Now • Ribbon Of Darkness • Walkin' Down The Line • Michael, Row The Boat Ashore • Faded Blue • Four Rode By • Lay Down Your Weary Tune • North Country Blues •

## HITS OF PETER, PAUL AND MARY MADE EASY FOR CHROMATIC HARMONICAS

*Contents:* Puff (The Magic Dragon) • Lemon Tree • This Train • For Lovin' Me • The Times They Are A-Changin' • Blowin' In The Wind • Gone The Rainbow • Early In The Morning • It's Raining • Tiny Sparrow • Very Last Day • Bamboo •